

REMINDERS FOR HOSTESSES.

(With apologies to "The World and His Wife.")

A RED-HOT brick in a guest's bed is an excellent substitute for a hot-water bottle. In the best houses sprigs of holly are frequently placed in visitors' beds at this holiday season, and these pointed greetings are much appreciated.

Should a visitor seem bent on outstaying his welcome collect all the *Bradshaws* in the house and leave them in his bedroom. If this gentle hint be ignored send for the police.

If your guests persist in having all their meals in bed, fall in with their wishes, but privately instruct your servants always to upset a sauce-boat or a coffee-pot on the bed-clothes.

When seasonable games pall, you can easily make a house-party interesting and profitable by introducing the novel recreation of "whitewashing the cellars" or "painting the stables." The Duke of BULLOCKSMITHY, so famous for his liberal hospitality and gay house-parties, has not paid a penny for this kind of renovation during the last five years.

If any guest complain of inattention or incivility from your servants, say how sorry you are that their stay in your house is uncomfortable, and ask them by what train they purpose leaving. You can easily get more guests—it is not so easy to get servants.

Never play Bridge on Sunday unless your opponents are such poor players that it would be flying in the face of Providence to miss such an opportunity.

Never count your spoons before your

guests. In these days, when society is so mixed, some one is sure to regard it as a personal insult.

It will be a convenience to your guests and will relieve them from the tipping nuisance if you hang a box labelled "Servants" in your hall. Then you can

PRATTLE ABOUT THE POLLS.

CONVICTED murderers, suicides, and women are debarred from voting at a General Election.

It is not (perhaps) generally realised that the Member for the Orkneys is obliged to make a short sea passage when he visits his constituents.

Sailors on the China Station would not be in time to record their votes, even if they were ordered home to-morrow week.

There are several thousands of people still living who can remember the last General Election, but they are now considerably older. Many of them are non-smokers.

It has been calculated that if both parties had agreed to abide by the results of *The Daily Mail* election (recently concluded), candidates would be some hundreds of pounds in pocket.

Motor-cars and other vehicles will be used in many constituencies for the purpose of bringing electors to the polls. Pedestrians, however, will probably walk to record their votes.

Women are fond of decorating their pet dogs with the Party colours. The dogs have little voice in the matter, and of course no votes.

You can drag an elector to the polling-booth, but you cannot make him vote, and, as a matter of fact, to drag him at all would render you liable to an action for assault.

If a man has *two* votes and there are *two* candidates, and he gives one vote to each candidate, it is hardly worth while doing so.



First Street-Vendor. "OW'S BUSINESS?"

Second S.-V. "LOOKIN' UP A BIT."

First S.-V. "SAME 'ERE. MUST BE DOO TO CONFIDENCE IN THE NOO GOVERNMENT."

either devote the contents of the box to charity (that charity which begins at home), or to paying the servants' wages, or if you are liberally inclined you may distribute some small portion of the money amongst your servants as your personal gift.

MOTTO FOR A NEW PEER.—*Deus Vult* (The Lord Wills).

ROUND THE POLITICAL BOOTHS.

I WANDERED vaguely through the Village Fair
Under a galaxy of flaming jets,
And heard the steam-fed music rend the air,
And saw the huckster spread his artful nets
Baited with trash
Designed to mobilise the credulous yokel's cash.

I was adjured to solve the Three Card Trick
(Peace, Plenty and the Knave—so hard to "trace"),
Or try my luck and heave a loyal stick
At Sallies modelled by an alien race;
Or view with awe
"The British Lion couched on Preferential Straw."

"The Giant Free-Trade Loaf," that weighed a stone;
"The Largest-headed Non-religious Child;"
"The Very Fattest Peasant Ever Known;"
"The Leanest Landlord;"—all these prospects smiled
From gaudy booths
Plastered with posters stating palpable untruths.

The gaudiest bore the legend, large and free,
"CHAMBER OF TORY HORRORS!" and, for sign,
A pictured compound, 4 ft. 6 by 3,
Chokeful of Chinese coolies from the mine,
Loaded with gyves
And brutal padlocks which completely spoiled their lives.

I heard the shout of one whose features shone
Despite his information, which was grave:
"Orrible torchers now a goin' on!
Walk in and see the real live Chinese slave,
Cut to the core
By barbarous methods worse than what we gave the Boer!"

Therent his mate, a man with honest eyes,
(How came he there among these cheapish Jacks?)
"Guv'nor," he whispered, "where's the good o' lie?"
We know it's just a dummy daubed with wax;
Ain't it too tough
Ropin' 'em in to see this bit o' fancy stuff?"

"Never you mind, my boy," the boss replied;
You're 'ere to beat the drum and 'elp me shout;
We've got to get the silly fools inside
And then,—well, chance it, if they find us out,
We stand to win,
Seein' we scoop the dibs before we let 'em in!"

But I that on my own had sniffed a fake,
Knowing by heart my "real live Chinese slave"—
I sought the Three Card Man, and planked my stake,
And instantaneously "traced the Knave;"
So to an alley,
And deftly pulverised an aged Teuton Sally.

O. S.

"GRANDOLPH."

(EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

The Kennel, Barks, Monday.—The popular idea of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL when, twenty years ago, he was still with us, realised him in the form of a political comet of extreme brilliancy but of no particular use to the solar system. Those who came in personal touch with him recognised that, beneath his sometimes reckless levity, there ran high purpose, directed by supreme genius, dominated by inflexible will.

This circle will find world-wide enlargement in the readers of WINSTON CHURCHILL's *Life of his Father*, just published by MACMILLAN. Consanguinity is by no means a recommen-

dation for the post of biographer. The family circle is lacking in the opportunity of perspective indispensable to the formation of true judgment of character and conduct. Exceptions are found in LOCKHART's life of his father-in-law, SCOTT, and in TREVELLYAN's masterpiece, the *Memoir of his uncle, Lord MACAULAY*. WINSTON CHURCHILL has established a third exception to the rule. To begin with, whilst the mass of material is skilfully arranged, the literary style is admirable. Next, he is sternly impartial. When he extols the subject of his memoir, he is careful to present, from unimpeachable sources, the facts upon which he bases his judgment. Occasionally, more in sorrow than in anger, he admits that errors were made, and does not attempt extenuation.

The biographer has had access to the correspondence and memoranda that record the steps in Lord RANDOLPH's glittering career, from its gay opening to its pathetic close. He uses his opportunity with characteristic courage and candour. Lord RANDOLPH was a frequent, voluminous letter-writer. If he had an engagement to see Lord SALISBURY in the afternoon he spent a considerable portion of the morning setting forth his views on the question which formed the occasion of consultation. Possibly he did this with deliberate intent of preserving a statement of his views at the particular juncture, to which end he pigeon-holed a copy of the document. Lord SALISBURY was equally communicative to "My dear RANDOLPH," writing long letters sometimes as often as thrice a day.

Not the least interesting feature of the fascinating story is disclosure of the predominant influence which, for fully a year of grave political crisis, the younger statesman wielded over the elder. When in June, 1885, Mr. G.'s Second Administration fell on the Amendment to the Budget moved by HICKS-BEACH, Lord SALISBURY was sent for by the QUEEN. The missive reached him at "4.45 P.M., Thursday, June 11," as he notes at the head of a letter written from Arlington Street, and straightway despatched to RANDOLPH. Confronted by the duty of forming an Administration his thoughts swiftly turned to the youthful Captain of the Fourth Party, to whose skill, courage, and persistency creation of the amazing situation was mainly due. "Could you call on me to-night or to-morrow morning?" he writes.

RANDOLPH was not disposed to cheapen himself by exhibition of haste to clutch at his share of the spoils. He waited till Lord SALISBURY had made some way with the construction of his Cabinet, in which he proffered his young friend the Secretary of State of India. Having through nearly five years girded at STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE as an incompetent Leader of the House, RANDOLPH was not to be bought off by a proposal however dazzling in its compliment to a private member. He declined office with NORTHCOOTE as Leader in the Commons. Lord SALISBURY pressed him to abrogate his prejudice. Personal friends urged him not to miss the chance supplied by offer of Cabinet office. He was convinced that in the interests of the party, and of the country—the terms are of course identical—NORTHCOOTE's retention of the Leadership in the Commons would prove disastrous.

"What place will you give RANDOLPH when your Government is formed?" a friend asked the Leader of the Opposition shortly before the crisis came.

"Say rather," NORTHCOOTE replied with sorrowful intuition, "what place will he give me?"

He gave him a place in the House of Lords, whither NORTHCOOTE retired broken-hearted, six months later to die in the Foreign Office, in the presence, almost in the arms, of his familiar friend, long time colleague, Lord SALISBURY, who the day before, with undesigned brusqueness, had, in reconstructing his Ministry, superseded him at the Foreign Office.

In June, 1885, RANDOLPH got his peremptory way in the



PEACE REIGNS AT MOSCOW.

THE CZAR. "NOW, I THINK, THE WAY IS CLEAR FOR UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE."



"How is her Ladyship?"

"Thank you, Madam, she is a little better, according to to-day's menu."

matter of shunting STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. In Dec. 1886, assuming an analogous attitude with respect to the refusal of OLD MORALITY (War Minister), GEORGE HAMILTON (at the Admiralty) to reduce their estimates, he was himself broken irretrievably, as it proved. He had long felt lonely in the Cabinet. It is true his Budget, whose secret is for the first time fully disclosed, received the consent of his colleagues. But it was lukewarm approval, plainly extorted by apprehension of what the imperious Chancellor of the Exchequer would do if he were thwarted. If the Premier alone had stood by his side, he would have fought on to the end. As it was, he made dignified retreat. Striding forth from the Cabinet Council Chamber, its door never opened to him again.

Over the most brilliant days of Lord RANDOLPH's career there hung the shadow of early death. He saw it without fear. But he recognised that as his time would be short it must be stirring. "An old man in a hurry," he bitterly called the octogenarian advocate of Home Rule, who survived him several years. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was a young man in a hurry, a hurry unselfishly, patriotically kept up with desire to serve his country. This truth is, not obtrusively, but indisputably, made clear in the story of the life of one who was a statesman at thirty-five, quiet in his grave at forty-six.

Mr. Punch and his young men have the satisfaction of reflecting that from the first they recognised GRANDOLPH's genius, and sustained him through most episodes of his

career. He cherished the various cartoons which pointed turns in it. Several of them, from the master hand of JOHN TENNIEL, are, by permission readily given, reproduced in these volumes.

Literary "Revelations."

FOLLOWING on the allegation that the late Mr. WILLIAM SHARP and "Fiona Macleod" were one person, comes the rumour that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL is not only the same as "O. O." "Claudius Clear," and "A Man of Kent," but that he also veils his identity under other pen-names, including "JAMES DOUGLAS," "CLEMENT SHORTER," and "G. K. CHESTER-TON." We are able to give this rumour an emphatic denial. Dr. NICOLL is actually not many more than four different people; a figure by the way which, at one time, was the cause of the foolish report that he was the disguised author of *The Four Just Men*.

A Few Mottoes for Books.

For *The Prodigal Son*, by Mr. HALL CAINE—

"In his hands the thing became a trumpet."

For *A Modern Utopia*, by Mr. H. G. WELLS—

"The little MORE and how much he is!"

For *Billiards*, by Mr. JOHN ROBERTS—

"Out, damned spot!"

RHYMES WITHOUT REASON.

WE always call the fellow JOHN,
His Christian name is really JACK,
And that is why we call him JOHN.

Men ask, "When is he coming back?"
We say, "We didn't know he'd gone,
So cannot say when he'll be back.

"We have no grounds to go upon;
In vain our memories we rack
For facts to base a date upon."

One wonders, has he got the sack?
Some argue "pro," some argue "con."
Held: "That he *may* have got the sack."

I'm thinking, how shall I go on?
This somewhat doth of Bedlam smack.
Perhaps I'd better *not* go on.

A CRUSADE AGAINST COMMERCIAL IMPOSTURE.

MR. PUNCH, Sir,—Will you who have ever been the champion of the guileless and distressed, lend your columns to expose a fraud practised weekly, daily, and in the evening editions?

Thousands of blameless matrons, innocent maidens, and spinsters of maturer years are being deceived by the treachery and falsehood of the fashion artists, who deliberately invest their models with attractions to which a respectable English-woman cannot hope to attain. What is the result? Useless expense, heart-breaking disappointment, and even occasionally the complete wreck of a happy home. I implore you to print the enclosed letters as an example and a warning.

(Signed) "VERITAS" (Curate-in-Charge).

I.

MISS FFENCH, Sordello Lodge, Balham, presents her compliments to Mr. Punch, and begs to forward for his inspection two illustrations depicting respectively, To right, a hat as



advertised by Messrs. —; To left, the same after purchase by Miss FFENCH. It will be apparent that, in spite of certain superficial similarities in the two articles, the former picture is calculated to produce an entirely false impression.

P.S.—It was only after a protracted struggle that I succeeded in fixing the hat on at all. To show the falsehood of the whole trick, the letterpress informed me that to the "cache peigne" was attached a mass of curls the exact colour of the wearer's own. I ask you to look at it!

II.

Mrs. PODSNAP, The Angles, Surbiton, writes (in the course of a somewhat lengthy epistle):

"..... My daughter's dress was copied in *every detail* from the illustration in a well-known lady's paper. It was made in my own house, under my own supervision, by a



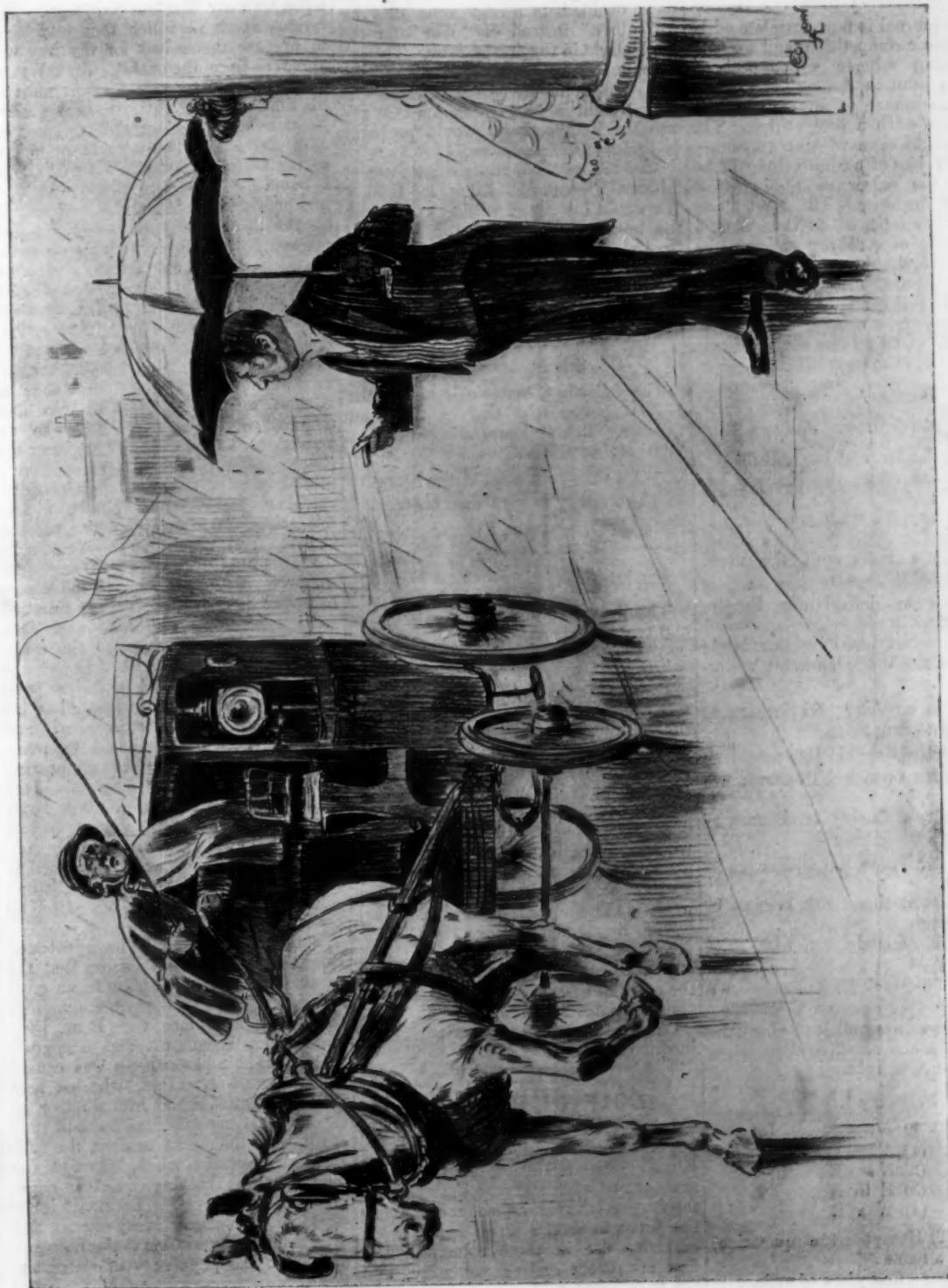
highly capable maid who has been with us for some years, and is a most superior and honest person in whom I have every confidence. I mention this merely to emphasise the lamentable fact that the picture as issued by Messrs. — is false in every particular, though whether deliberately so or not I, of course, cannot say. For the rest, my two enclosures will speak for themselves."

ONE MAYER THEATRE OPEN.

MR. GASTON MAYER "has drawn," not a bow at a venture, but several good houses last week, which was the first of his two months' French-play season. *La Souris* to commence with, and a varied list of plays is given us to go on with. While the grass grows, as we all know, the steed starves, and, warned by this old proverb, Mlle. RÉJANE has determined that, while her theatre is being built in Paris, she will not be "out of it" altogether, but will make time pass lightly, for all cordially entreating Londoners, by appearing in some of her favourite pieces, at the New Royalty Theatre, Dean Street, Soho, which, in old days of burlesque and domestic drama, has known prodigiously long runs. The "Théâtre Réjane" in Paris, so the *Journal Amusant* informs us, "*remplacera en effet le Nouveau Théâtre qui, il faut l'avouer, est un assez ancien Théâtre*;" and the same authority adds, "*quoique situé rue Blanche, le Théâtre Réjane ne jouera pas de drames noirs*." May that be equally the case at the Royalty!

A "Starring" Agency.

ON Thursday last, at the Royal Institution, Professor TURNER addressed himself (and at the same time his audience) to the consideration of the question "Are the Planets Inhabited?" The Professor, not being sure of his ground in the firmament, admitted that he was unable to act as agent for any one of the planets at present "to let." Directly one of them was in the market, he would immediately communicate the fact to his friends, and take their orders on the usual terms.



GO FARTHER, OR FARE WORSE.

Cabby (answering whistling). "WHAT I WANTS TO KNOW IS, WHERE ARE THE PARTIES GOING?"
 Footman (reassuringly). "Oh, THEY'RE NOT GOING FAR."
 Cabby. "THESE LET 'EM WALK!"

[Drives off.]

GETTING STIFFER.

(An Acrostic Competition.)

No new journal is now complete without an acrostic competition, and we offer the following scheme with specimen acrostics, a solution, &c., as likely to be of great assistance to any editor who contemplates such a competition. The Quarter should open with an announcement that prizes of a high value will be given to the solver of the greatest number of Acrostics. The First Prize may suitably consist of £100 in cash, a Life Annuity of £25 per annum, the remainder of the lease of a house in Cadogan Square, and a three-speed bicycle. The Second Prize might be £50 in cash and a cottage piano; and the Third a bound volume of the journal which conducts the competition.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

First of the Quarter. January 1.

Study the calendar, and you will find
That this has come, the old one left
behind;
And many say, "I wish you *this*, old
chappie,"
But here you must omit the usual
"Happy."

1. A service to defend our Empire
planned.

"Tis not the Navy, for it fights on land;
Think of the War Office and under-
stand.

2. What's in a—*this*? So SHAKESPEARE
used to sing;

"Tis chosen for you at your christening.

3. The isle from which NAPOLEON made
escape,
His country's destiny once more to
shape.

4. All wish for Peace, but wishes are in
vain.

This comes at times with horrors in
its train.

This we have lately seen with grief
and pain.

Of East and West upon Manchuria's
plain.

Thirty days are allowed for the
solution of the above. Five alternatives
permitted for each light.

February 1.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 1.

- (1) A rm Y
- (2) N am E
- (3) E lb A
- (4) W a R

Notes.—(2) Shakspearean quotation,
"What's in a name?"

(3) NAPOLEON's first place of exile.

Answers received, 17,321 correct; two
incorrect.

March 1.

To Correspondents.—*Little Popsy*: We
have decided to accept your plea for
"Weather" instead of "War" for the
fourth light in the first acrostic. Though
we cannot consider that "weather" fits
the light as neatly as "War," there is
some weight in your contention that the
weather in Manchuria would probably
be inclement in character.

Muddlehead: We really cannot accept
"Elena" instead of "Elba" for light 3.
We would have been willing to overlook
the unusual spelling of the island of
St. Helena, but the fact that NAPOLEON
did not escape from St. Helena, whereas
he *did* escape from Elba, seems to us
fatal to your plea.

April 1.

SPECIAL ACROSTIC.

The following Acrostic is set for the
17,304 solvers who tied in the First
Quarter. Twelve hours allowed for the
solution: no alternatives.

'Tis thus provincial virtue hoots

The visitor in varnished boots.

1. Cognate, I ween.
2. In Pliocene.
3. How very odd!
4. A tetrapod.

The lights are in no particular order,
and two of them are reversed.

May 1.

Special Acrostic.—The Editor regrets
that he has had the misfortune to mislay
the solution of the Special, and cannot
clearly remember what it was, though
he recollects enough to enable him to
give a hint that the second light con-
tains a reference to the metatarsal bone
of the Hipparion. He can also, speaking
from memory, confidently assert that
none of the answers sent in was correct,
or anywhere nearly correct. Another
week is therefore allowed in order that
solvers may again attempt the Special,
the missing solution of which the Editor
hopes to find before next month. In
the event of a further tie a really difficult
Quintuple Acrostic will be given.

Answers received, 0 correct, 5143
incorrect.

GOLF IN EXCELSIS.

In view of the exceptional political
importance of the visit of the four famous
British golfers to Mexico, *Mr. Punch* has
arranged with Mr. RAYMOND BLATHERWICK,
the famous interviewer, who accompanies
the party, to send a series of letters for
exclusive use in these columns. The
first instalment arrived yesterday, and
ran as follows:—

New York, January 1.—We arrived
to-day, after a somewhat stormy voyage,

but it is satisfactory to relate that the
illustrious quartet are all in excellent
fettle for their Mexican campaign. The
serious spirit in which they undertook
to prepare themselves for the fray was
apparent from the outset. JACK WHITE,
a man of studious tastes, spent most of
his time studying Spanish, with a view,
as he owned, of being able to converse
with President PORFIRIO DIAZ in his
native tongue. ANDREW KIRKALDY, who
is noted for his strong theological bias,
had provided himself with several works
on the Aztec race, and was much im-
pressed by the theory which identifies
them with the Lost Tribes, and often
engaged in heated controversies with
his fellow Scot, ALEXANDER HERD. ROW-
LAND JONES, a Welshman, and an ardent
politician, was intensely interested in
the speeches of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, as
they were reported from time to time by
wireless telegraphy. But exercise and
training were not neglected. By an
arrangement with the chief engineer the
champions were able to get an hour's
niblick play in the coal bunkers every
morning, and ANDREW KIRKALDY had
the satisfaction of driving over a passing
iceberg from the hurricane deck. In
the evenings the quartet sang part
songs or practised putting in the saloon.
ROWLAND JONES occasionally improvised
some sparkling penillions, and JACK
WHITE accompanied him on the casta-
nets. In the early stages of the voyage
ANDREW KIRKALDY's appetite suffered
from the motion of the liner, but his
spirits were happily unimpaired, and
his table talk was enriched by many
brilliant *bons mots*. Thus, on nearing
America, he asked, "Why was JACK
WHITE?" and, pointing to SANDY HERD,
immediately answered, "Because he saw
Sandy Hook." This remarkable im-
promptu was at once marconigraphed to
the White House, and caused a distinct
slump in Mexican securities on Wall
Street.

Washington, Jan. 3.—I have just seen
ROWLAND JONES, who tells me that the
breakfast with the PRESIDENT was a great
success. The only other guests, besides
the golfing champions, were ELIHU ROOT
and BOOKER WASHINGTON, and it appears
that a slight awkwardness was caused
when ANDREW KIRKALDY, who sat next
Mr. WASHINGTON, asked him whether he
thought that any American football team
could hold their own against the "All
Blacks," a question which his neighbour
interpreted as bearing on the negro
problem. However, Mr. ROOSEVELT inter-
vened with his usual breezy energy, and
diverted the conversation to the influence
of golf on the popularity of statesmen,
the proper pronunciation of the word
Schenectady, the superiority of buck-
wheat cakes to Scotch scones, and the
claims of Mr. ANDREW LANG to be regarded



"SCENT PER SCENT."

(Vide article in "Punch," December 20, 1905.)

Huntman. "WELL, I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHY THERE AIN'T NO SCENT 'ERE!"

Whip. "SCENT? WHY, WHAT D'YE EXPECT, WHEN 'ERE'S ALL THE LADIES A-FOURISHIN' OF THEIR PERFUMED 'ANKYCHEEVES ON THE OTHER SIDE O' THE FENCE!"

as a serious historian. ANDREW KIRKALDY, who, as a neighbour of Mr. LANG's, held decided views on this subject, said that when the Japanese took to golf they would be "juist a classical people." JACK WHITE thought that the White House compared unfavourably with the Golf Club House at Sunningdale, but he liked the PRESIDENT's affability. "Not the build for a scratch player," he added, "but I dare say he would soon play as well as the Duke of DEVONSHIRE or Mr. JAMES BRYCE." SANDY HERD made great friends with Mr. ROOT, whom he enlightened on the Scottish Church question, and after breakfast the PRESIDENT instructed his guests in the use of the lasso, which he warned them might be needful in some of the Mexican back blocks.

Chihuahua, January 7.—We came on here this morning by special train, with outriders, after a short visit to the PRESIDENT at Mexico City. DON PORFIRIO was kindness itself, and insisted on changing hats, according to an old

Castilian custom, with JACK WHITE as they parted on the doorstep. The heat is something terrific, but we all wear sombreros with refrigerators and white Nainsook trousers. On our arrival we were met at the station by a deputation of Toltecs, accompanied by the Chapultepec band playing on zumpangos, mulucs, cauacs, and other Aztec instruments. After a hurried lunch at the hotel, we proceeded to the links, where a large crowd was awaiting our arrival. Four singles had been arranged in which the British contingent were opposed by local professionals, but I regret to say that on this occasion none of the former showed their true form. For this untoward result, however, the peculiar conditions of the game readily accounted. To begin with, the caddies are mounted on mustangs, which proved so disconcerting that ROWLAND JONES, a man of highly-strung Celtic temperament, invariably missed his tee shot. ANDREW KIRKALDY's opponent was a sinister-looking mesocephalic Aztec named MICTLANTEUCTLI, whose

name alone, as ANDREW put it, was as bad as giving a stroke a hole, while JACK WHITE was equally paralysed by his association with a Toltec brave, whose patronymic was IXTLILXOCHITL. SANDY HERD was the best off, as he was matched with a Mexican Inca named RAMON GUTIERREZ, who, strangely enough, preferred using a rubber-cored ball. At every second tee refreshments were served, consisting of *oelli* or Aztec beer and hot banana fritters, and further delay was caused by JACK WHITE's opponent, who insisted on bathing in a small pond which formed the chief hazard of the thirteenth hole. GUTIERREZ, the Inca mentioned above, surpassed himself by his bunca play, but as a rule the local men scored more by the failure of their opponents than by their own brilliancy. There is talk, however, of a human sacrifice in our honour to-night, and to-morrow morning we move on to Jalapa, where an exhibition match will be played for the benefit of the amateurs of the Tezcatlipoca golf club.



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

Ex-Convict (meeting Gaol-Governor in the Street). "MORNING, SIR. 'OPE YOU'RE WELL, SIR. THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO 'EAR AS 'OW I'D GOT A JOB, SIR."

Governor. "VERY GLAD, I'M SURE. BUT—ER—WHO ARE YOU? I DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOU."

Ex-Convict. "LAW BLESS US, SIR, O' COURSE YOU KNOW ME. I WAS STOPPIN' WITH YOU LAST CHRISTMAS!"

THE SPOOK'S LAMENT.

"I believe," said Mr. B. A. COCHRANE, an authority on the subject of dreams, to a *Daily Express* representative, "the night time of the body is the daytime of the soul. It is then that the soul leaves the body and has experiences in the spirit world. You may meet with dead friends and see their condition" . . . *To have dreams, however, which are free from the fantastic and horrible, a light easily digestible diet is, he thinks, necessary.*

WHEN by the stern decree of Fate
This mortal coil was cast,
We used to think our future state
Depended on our past.
Directors never watered stock,
Horse-dealers never faked a crock,
The rascal lawyer never stole,
Lest evil should befall his soul.

What golden chances in my time
Have I contrived to miss
For fear lest my career of crime
Should jeopardise my bliss.
How often when the fun was fast
Have I with dread been overcast,
Slunk from the room and whispered "No!
I'll be no gay Lothario!"

And much has virtue eased my fall!

As far as I can see
I might have had the fun for all
The difference to me.
'Tis chance, as we poor spooks now know,
Apportions either bliss or woe,
For—out upon it!—our régimes
Depend on other people's dreams.

OLD SMITH—the pig!—goes out and dines;
He always over-eats,
And mixes half-a-dozen wines
With half-a-score of meats.
He sleeps, he snores, he dreams, and he
Elects, of course, to dream of me,
And I become the thing I seem
To SMITH in his delirious dream.

THEN BROWN—the tenderest of chaps,
Who leaves the lambs unhurt,
And dines on lentils, with perhaps
A fig for his dessert—
BROWN dreams of me and I become
An angel in Elysium.
It's chance that sends us low or high—
A fig for all desert, say I.

Then let the wicked man no more
Be diddled in to grace

By hoping that he thus will score

In some post-mortem place.
The joy or woe of spooks, it seems,
Exists but in our neighbours' dreams,
And thus our luckless lot depends
Upon the diet of our friends.

WE are sure that *The Morning Post*, in announcing certain *matinées* at which the major portion of the best seats were to be reserved for "the children of members of the profession," did not mean to cast any reflection upon the latter when it said: "As such children are not easily distinguishable from other children, they are requested to bring their parents with them."

It is stated that Sir EDWARD GREY, in order to obtain that proficiency in the French language which a Foreign Minister should have if he is to be able to converse fluently with the Ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. James's, is about to join ABIE WALKLEY'S *Je-ne-sais* students.



SONS OF HARMONY.

C.-B. (to JOHN REDMOND). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, THIS IS NOT A DUET! YOU CAN GIVE YOUR SHOW LATER ON."



Parson. "Good morning, Mrs. STUBBINS. IS YOUR HUSBAND AT HOME?"

Mrs. Stubbins. "'E's 'OME, SIR; BUT 'E'S A-BED."

Parson. "HOW IS IT HE DIDN'T COME TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY? YOU KNOW WE MUST HAVE OUR HEARTS IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

Mrs. Stubbins. "LOB, SIR, 'IS 'EART'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S 'IS TROWZIS!"

ELECTION WISDOM.

I.—COUNSEL TO CANVASSERS.

You cannot make it too clear whether you come on behalf of the Free Trade candidate or the Fiscal Reform candidate. It would be a great pity if you worked hard to win a vote for Free Trade and all the while the man thought you were advocating Protection.

If you are canvassing for a Free Trade candidate promise higher wages, shorter hours, and cheaper food.

If you are canvassing for a Fiscal Reformer promise cheaper food, shorter hours and higher wages.

When calling on even the humblest cottages be careful to knock at the door,

to take off your hat on entering, to wipe your boots on the mat, to ask after the health of the family, and to say of the infant in arms, "Well, that is a baby!" If you do all this with any kind of spirit you need not refer to politics at all. Just name your candidate and go. If there is no mat you must apologise for bringing dirt into the room.

Don't offer money for votes. It is no longer done; at least, not so crudely.

Remember that it is quite useless to-day to canvass without promising to send your motor to convey the voter to the polling booth. Horses are out of it.

The first rule in canvassing is—promise everything. It is also the last.

Remember that you are promising not on your own behalf but your candidate's. If there is any trouble afterwards it will be his trouble, not yours.

II.—A WORD IN SEASON TO LADY CANVASSERS.

You will do well not to remember too vividly the famous story of the beautiful Duchess of GAINSBOROUGH and the butcher. The vote was given less because the kiss was a kiss than because the lady was a Duchess; and recollect that it is not definitely known which way the butcher voted after all.

III.—ADVICE TO CANDIDATES.

Do not mind repeating yourself. It

has been done ever since oratory was invented.

While speaking, if you are out of matter, say "Mr. CHAMBERLAIN." The uproar, either of adulation or execration, that will ensue will give you time to collect your thoughts.

If you are a Free Trader and are so foolish as to desire a reputation for wit, refer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN always as "The Right Honorable Gentleman" with immense scorn in your voice.

Shake everyone by the hand and offer them cigars from your own case. You can keep a few special ones for your own consumption in a side pocket.

When you are going to make a joke, say so, otherwise they won't know when to laugh. If you can't make jokes, refer to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as "JOEY" and it will do just as well.

You will be wise if you ascertain very carefully the position of the railway station in case you want to make a hurried and not too conspicuous departure. To be seen, on the night of the poll or the morning after, asking the way to the station, is not conducive to dignity.

IV.—WRINKLES FOR VOTERS.

It is no use holding out to the last minute, as they did in the good old Pocket Borough days, for a five-pound or even a thousand-pound note. England is going to the dogs.

When the Free Trade canvasser comes, promise to vote exactly as he tells you, and say how glad you are that the gentleman has called to clear your mind on two or three matters that were puzzling it.

When the Protection canvasser comes, say how glad you are that the gentleman has called to clear your mind on two or three matters that were puzzling it, and promise to vote exactly as he tells you.

Do all you can to put your cross against the man you really want to support.

V.—A HINT TO CHAUFFEURS.

If you find, from the conversation in the car, that one of the voters whom you are conveying in the Free Trade interest is really in favour of Protection, and is, so to speak, stealing his ride, procure an accident at once and arrange that he is so badly hurt that he will not be conscious again till the next day. Stick at nothing. Remember Mr. Weller's story of the bridge and the coach-load of the wrong colour.

More Commercial Candour.

"—"'s Watch.

Warranted,

5s. 6d. each.

There is no movement in these watches."

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. V.—HOW TO DRESS ON £10 A YEAR.

OUR subject divides itself naturally into two parts.

First, How to Dress. It will be readily acknowledged, modern conditions of life being what they are and the climate of the United Kingdom not invariably sultry, that dress of some sort is a necessity for all of us. The ancient Britons are said to have thought otherwise, and to have been content to stain themselves with a dye called woad. The effect would hardly satisfy modern requirements of fashion, and woad would now be considered quite a fast dye. The next development of dress in primitive times, however, was destined to last to the present day. This was the custom of wearing skins of animals as articles of attire. In the early days of our rough island story this fashion was universal, and the statue of BOADICEA on the Thames Embankment would be more archaeologically correct if the Warrior Queen were represented in a sealskin jacket and her two daughters with some little article made of mink or grey fox, instead of the nondescript draperies, ill-adapted for carriage exercise, which the sculptor has assigned to them.

Clothes, so named from the fact that they *clothe* the human frame, are adapted to two ends, warmth and decoration. Dr. JAEGER, a well-known scientist, still happily with us, first made the important discovery that warmth and beauty in clothing are not incompatible. His hygienic padded boot is the last word in unobtrusive smartness, and he has shown that it is possible for what is known as underwear to be *chic* without inviting pulmonary trouble. Dress from top to toe in woollens is Dr. JAEGER's advice, and his own portrait, freely reproduced, represents him doing so. While the photograph is not that of a mere *flâneur*, Dr. JAEGER compares favourably in appearance with any smart Guardsman or man about town who may be seen in Pall Mall or at a Church Parade, and his sense of hygienic superiority, especially on a hot summer day, must afford him a satisfaction to which those butterflies of fashion are strangers.

Let us now illustrate our subject by two concrete examples. First let us suppose the case of a lady wishing to purchase a ball-dress. She must begin by deciding on a pattern, and here she will be helped by the advice of most of the daily and weekly newspapers published throughout the United Kingdom. She decides to follow the taste, let us say, of the Editor of *The Daily News*, and by a diligent study of the pages devoted to the subject of ladies' dress in that journal finally selects the costume she prefers. The dress itself will not be

procurable at the newspaper office, which confines itself to producing the design. In order to have it carried out she must go to a dressmaker. And one word of caution is necessary at this point. It is not etiquette to wear a costume of the same pattern as one made for Royalty, and if any member of the Royal Family who follows *The Daily News* in matters of dress should have happened to select that particular costume another must be chosen. There now follows the operation of "trying on." When the dress has advanced a certain way towards completion, the lady tries it on. The dressmaker also occasionally tries it on, but not until she comes to make out the bill. When the dress is quite finished it remains only to wear it and to pay for it. As it is a ball-dress, it should not be worn to any great extent out of doors in the morning. The payment will be made out of the £10 a year set aside for the purpose.

We will now consider the case of a gentleman wishing to buy a new tweed suit. The newspapers do not vie with one another in offering him advice upon the subject, but a few of them do retain the services of a "sartorial expert" laying claim to the rank of Major, who will with great confidence recommend a tailor, generally one carrying on business in Fleet Street, a thoroughfare widely renowned for the smart appearance of those who frequent it. The purchaser will proceed, *mutatis mutandis*, in the manner indicated in the former example. When he receives his bill he may be surprised to find his simple brown suit described as "One Heather Mixture Fancy Check Cheviot Lounge Coat, lined through Silk, one Do. Do. D.B. Waistcoat, one pr. Do. Do. Trousers," but he must not allow himself to be put out by this figurative language. Every social clique has its passwords.

The few hints we have given may serve as a useful introduction to a more extended study of an important and far-reaching subject. That is why we have given them.

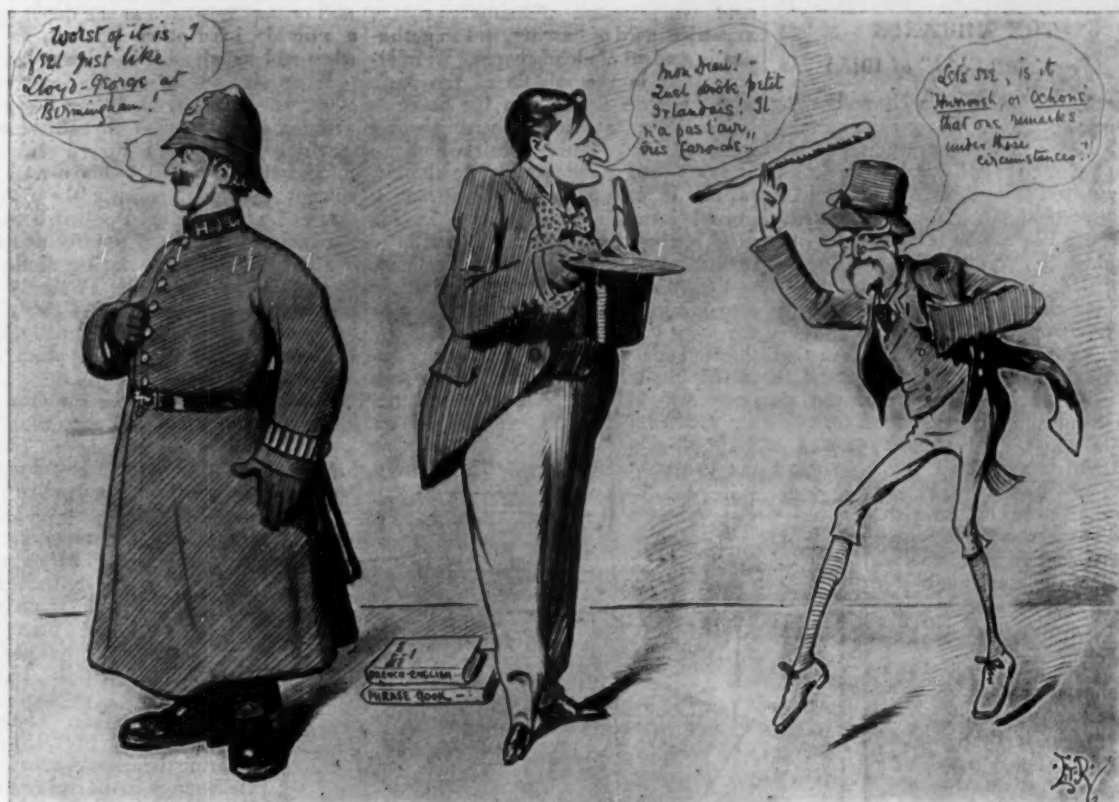
P.S.—The question of dressing on £10 a year presents no difficulties. Set aside that sum to expend upon clothing, and when you have spent it stop dressing.

A Chance for the Faculty.

THE following important communication has been forwarded to us. We particularly call attention to the effective simplicity of the writer's method of dating his composition.

"BERNE, date of the post-mark.

"GENTLEMAN,—We have the honour of informing you that our GRAND-CATALOGUE is just out and lies for the gratis-forwarding at the disposal of the in- and outlandish medical circles."



MINISTERIAL MILLINERY.—No. 3.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, SIR E. GREY, AND PROF. BRUCE.

DAWN.

THE shadows and the shrouding gloom have ceased;
A golden sea of glory floods the East,
With bars of crimson lined;
Now Day has ris'n triumphant over Night;
I know it is so by the streak of light
Which filters thro' my blind.

Sunrise! and men's sad hearts grow glad and gay
To greet the golden promise of the day
And all the good to be;
Yet, I confess, this much-belauded dawn
(Excuse me, while I just suppress a yawn)
Hardly appeals to me.

I do not rush to greet the thing with zest,
While Hope insurgent agitates my breast;
I could not if I tried;
But I remember with a boding fear
At this especial season of the year
'Tis precious cold outside.

This is the painful hour when in my soul
Comfort with Duty struggles for control
To arbitrate my lot.
Well, since yon streak of light proclaims the day,
The question must be faced without delay,—
Shall I get up,—or not?

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VIEWS thrown on a screen are to be a feature in the Electioneering tactics of several candidates. Others expect to derive more profit from throwing a screen on their views.

Certain Post Office employees who were suffering from overwork and did not find themselves very well suited with the Heir of DERBY are hoping to benefit by a change to BUXTON.

MR. JOHN BURNS, who believes in a proper division of Labour, wishes it to be understood that he (J. B.) will always furnish a liberal supply of steamboats if the PRIME MINISTER will be responsible for a liberal supply of peers.

THE season in which the coming General Election is to occur has made the following form of appeal very popular:

VOTE FOR — AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

As in the case of that other formula—

VOTE FOR — AND NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG!—

the virtue of this contract, from a candidate's point of view, lies in its vagueness. Happiness depends so much upon the taste. The electorate should demand some more explicit and universally recognisable boon, such as

VOTE FOR — AND A FINE DAY TO-MORROW!

IS MARRIAGE A LOTTERY?—"Draw for —'s Widow and Children. Winning No. 480."—*Liverpool Echo*.

A LITTLE MOTOR-SHOOTING IN THE MIDLANDS.

(From the "Field" of 1915.)

THE chill sunrise of a November day was just appearing between the curtains of my bedroom window, when I awoke to find a native pulling my bedclothes vigorously. He was in a high state of excitement, and exclaimed repeatedly "Car, car," in a tone of mingled alarm and pleasure. "Shay's bin in t'leene," he added, waving his arms about. My somewhat slight acquaintance with the vernacular of the district enabled me to interpret his words to mean that a motor-car had lately been observed in the neighbouring lane, and I lost no time in rousing D., my companion.

This was indeed the prospect of a welcome change from the poor sport which we had been having hitherto. D. and I had arranged to take our short leave from the regiment in what we both consider the most enjoyable form of sport, namely shooting motor-cars. At one time, I need not say, it was as easy to bag motor-cars as partridges, but since the rural councils, actuated by the amount of damage caused by these machines, offered a price for their destruction, they only appear very rarely, and it has become increasingly difficult to meet with them.

D. and I had spent nearly a week in the neighbourhood which, for my own reasons, I do not want to particularise, without getting the opportunity for which we looked. Day after day we had carefully examined the landscape with our field-glasses from a convenient hill. Day after day experienced local volunteers had investigated the high road for the spoor of a car, but no success had rewarded our efforts. On one occasion, it is true, we sighted a splendid Daimler, of, I should say, at least 60-h.p., which about corresponds to a "Royal" in deer-stalking, but it was out of shot. D. had a better chance at it than I had, but he only wounded it very slightly in the tail light, and it unfortunately got away.

Our native guide led us to a corner of an adjacent lane, and in a muddy spot pointed out what were unmistakable traces of an enormous car. The interest displayed in our plan of campaign by the peasants was remarkable. Crowds of willing yokels came to act as gillies, anxious to carry our express rifles, and offering suggestions of a more or less inane nature. We eventually decided upon baiting a trap for the monster, and

at the end of a long straight stretch of road we stationed an elderly rustic, somewhat hard of hearing, and an enthusiastic student of cloud shapes. Wandering about in the middle of the road, with his eyes fixed upon the heavens, his oblivion to all that was passing rendered his presence a bait which no ordinary motor-car could, we hoped, resist. In case however this attraction proved insufficient we placed in his neighbourhood a nursemaid, with a reputation for being easily flustered, and entrusted to her care a perambulator containing an infant, instructing her at the same time to lead another child by the hand. These preparations completed, we concealed ourselves in two trees, and rifles in hand awaited the event. We dismissed, as well as we could, our crowd of attendants, so as not to alarm our quarry. This proved

would make when suspended upon the wall of the mess-room at the dépôt, with a suitable inscription beneath, saying when and by whom it had been shot.

What seemed to me, in my state of nervous tension, an intolerably long wait, was interrupted by my loader touching my arm. I turned and saw that he had his hand to his ear. Sure enough I heard presently the distant throb of a motor-car. I peered between the leafless branches of the tree and saw our intrepid old man moving aimlessly to and fro in the road. Presently the distant throb grew louder, though the car was approaching very quietly, and I looked to see that my express was loaded and ready.

In a second or two the car came in sight into the road. It was white in colour, and long and low in shape. Sighting my rifle to 150 yards, I aimed with a coolness which surprised myself at the change-speed lever. Experience has convinced me that this is the surest way of stopping a car, though I know opinions differ on the point. Many have been the smoking-room arguments to which I have listened. D., for example, follows the practice of aiming at the tyres, and then, following up the wounded car, planting the *coup de grâce* from a safe range in the carburetter. But this seems to me an unsportsmanlike method, as one dislikes the idea of causing more trouble than is necessary to the car, and an expanding bullet planted at the base of the change-speed lever is quite effective.

Upon this occasion, however, we both missed the finest chance of our lives. I suppose I miscalculated the speed the car was travelling, for I only grazed the radiator with my first barrel, and smashed the number-plate with my second—poor shooting indeed, but the light was none of the best. D. was even less fortunate; his favourite shot at the tyres was absolutely useless, as they were studded with some metal which seemed to render them bullet-proof. The infuriated motor dashed past us at redoubled speed, and was out of sight in a few moments. We did not consider it prudent to follow it, as it might return at any moment, and stopping a charging motor on the open road is no joke. We both thought it was a Mercedes, but were not sure.

It was some slight consolation to us that D. on the following afternoon bagged with a fortunate right and left a brace of small de Dions, which he came on quite suddenly as they were climbing rather a steep hill. But the recollection of losing that big car still haunts us.



THE STRAP-HAMMOCK.

(As supplied on the Underground Trains de Luze.)

a difficult business, as our conclave was perceptibly increased every moment by natives who came with terror-stricken faces and stories of the damage and destruction wrought by the motor-car. As testimony one young farmer brought broken pieces of harness, due to the gymnastics of a nervous and highly-bred horse who had encountered the car in a lonely lane. Another displayed with tears in his eyes his aged grandmother, whose nerves had been irretrievably ruined by the sudden apparition of the car near her cottage door, where she seems to have been ruminating in the sunshine. Though fortunately escaping herself without physical injury, owing to her presence of mind in running into the house and bolting the door, she described her alarm as something she would not easily forget. All informants reported the car as at least 80 h.p., and our appetites were whetted by the thought of the imposing appearance which the bonnet of this monster

CHARIVARIA.

THE flood of election oratory is now at its height, and numbers of British electors are fleeing to Russia for quiet and peace.

MR. WYNDHAM, M.P. has likened Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to the clown in the pantomime who touches up every class and every interest with a red-hot poker. JOHN BURNS, too.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has issued an election address, and a Life of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. The latter is a very creditable performance.

A hen belonging to Mr. T. TANNER, of Great Somerfield, Wilts, has laid an egg weighing 12 ozs., which, when it was broken, was found to contain another egg. This is the sort of useful prodigy which one would expect to appear at election time.

Owing to Dr. EMIL REICH's having thoughtlessly stated in the *Grand Magazine* that English women are too cold, husbands are now being pestered by their wives to buy them a new set of furs.

The British Ambassador at Berlin has given a treat to the chimney-sweep apprentices of Berlin. It is significant, as showing how the tension of feeling between the two countries has relaxed, that not a single German newspaper referred to this as an indirect encouragement to the Blacks in South-west Africa.

A Commission now sitting in Berlin is trying to find some means of rendering cavalry horses invisible in warfare. The simplest solution, of course, is to go without them. But it will be remembered that this experiment, made by us in the early days of the South African struggle, fell short of complete success.

The Chief Constable of Surrey has been authorised to obtain a uniform for himself at an estimated cost of £52 7s. To prevent his being stolen for the sake of his fine clothes, he will, we understand, be surrounded by a strong posse of police whenever he walks abroad.

The theory is now being advanced by a Continental doctor that the fact that ladies are not allowed to swear is responsible for a vast majority of the attacks of nerves from which the gentle

sex suffers, and it is suggested that Expletives should be taught at every girls' school.

A schoolboy at Kasposvar, in Hungary, having failed in an examination on the works of KAZINCZY, a local writer, fired a revolver at KAZINCZY's statue. This is not encouraging to those who are anxious to see a statue erected to the memory of EUCLID.

A hair specialist declares that baldness is contagious. It is certainly hereditary, to judge by the head of the average baby.

sincerely congratulate the Company on their admirable choice) has promised to consider the case of the Strap hangers, which some humane persons have brought to his notice.

One more complaint against the District Railway (and then we shall hold our peace till Sir GEORGE GIBB has had a fair chance of correcting the astounding blunders committed in the course of the initiation of the new system). "Choleric" writes to complain that there is frequently no important official on the platform to whom to express one's opinion of the line after being



AN IDYLL.

"SOFT EYES LOOKED LOVE TO EYES WHICH SPAKE AGAIN."—*Childe Harold.*

The police, who are sometimes absurdly touchy, are objecting to the expression "Police trap," and it is possible that "Copper mine" will take its place.

A correspondent in last week's *Punch* is anxious for further explanation as to the report that a police constable had been seen "running in a West-end street," as reported in this column. Surely he exaggerates the importance of this event, for one of the most common—and annoying—sights in London is a street being taken up.

It has long been the boast of this country that no class is so utterly submerged that it will not ultimately get justice. Sir GEORGE GIBB, the new Chairman of the District Railway (and we

kept waiting for some thirty minutes. We think this safety valve should be supplied.

Such Frenchmen as feared a war with Germany have received great comfort from a report in the *Staatsbürger Zeitung* that the KAISER has declared that in the event of hostilities he himself would act as Chief of the General Staff.

FROM THE TIVERTON GAZETTE:—

"To Messrs. —."

SIRS,—I have used your — Drinks for more than three years, and have not lost one calf, even though the land is much addicted to the production of that fatal malady."

Can he mean Varicose Veins?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S *Recollections* (MACMILLAN) supply a useful page in the varied record of the Home Rule question. It is here presented as viewed from within by one of the men who have largely helped to keep it going during the last quarter of a century. Mr. O'BRIEN glories in presenting the Celtic nature hot-blooded and not ashamed. He loves Ireland with heart and soul, hating England with equal fervour. Of all English statesmen, the one for whom he cherishes the bitterest animosity is Mr. FORSTER, the Chief Secretary who, on quitting Ireland, by pure accident escaped the fate by which Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH was done to death. For Mr. GLADSTONE, who, espousing the Home Rule cause, wrecked his party and exiled himself from Downing Street, Mr. O'BRIEN has not a word of grateful acknowledgment. Whilst he does not defend the section of the National Party who practised murder and rapine—he laments the Phoenix Park murders as “one of those fiendish strokes of fate which one is tempted to believe to be Ireland's peculiar heritage,”—he traces the virility of Parnellism to the accession of men who earlier served apprenticeship in the Fenian Brotherhood. On Mr. DAVITT, in particular, he lavishes warm encomium. There are many interesting notes personal to PARSELL, more especially during his residence at Kilmainham which Mr. O'BRIEN proudly shared. The political notes are varied by some touching references to the author's mother, whom in her last illness he was, by special permission of Mr. FORSTER, permitted regularly to visit. My Baronite long knew the Member for Mallow in the House, and occasionally had remarks to make upon “the headlong shouting, wildly gesticulating way that,” as Mr. O'BRIEN frankly admits, “became his appalling elocutionary manner.” The confidences of these *Recollections*, freed from the mask of blood-curdling manner, reveal a man who, if self-opinionated and truculent in tone, was neither a time-server nor a self-seeker, his action directed solely by desire to serve what he honestly regarded as the interests of his country.

The Baron sees before him a divided duty in dealing with *The Sands of Pleasure*, by FILSON YOUNG (GRANT RICHARDS). To notice it, or not? Well, after quiet deliberation, he has decided in favour of the first alternative. It is a curiously clever piece of work, which, if not placed absolutely on the Baron's “Index,” must be marked “*caute legendum*.” Any reader in the course of perusal, arriving at Chapter IV., page 175, will come across the following passage: “*There was a cool freshness in the air*,” and taking this as a text the Baron is bound to confess that there is, about this novel, “a cool freshness” which is less invigorating than startling. The commencement of the tale is dull; the finish, Book iii, “The House on the Rock,” unsatisfactory. Mr. FILSON YOUNG, in his luridly brilliant “Book ii,” describes halls of dazzling light, but bids us protect our nostrils from the sulphurous smell of the flames, while we note the forced gaiety of the professional votaries of pleasure in the revolting *Cabaret des Néants*, and in other holes of nocturnal “amusement,” where the doings of the “gay” set would make the repentant shades of Tom, Jerry, the Oxonian, Kate, and her “chums,” put in a claim to be considered, by comparison with such a lot, as fairly good angels, save for a little damage to their wings. From nights of wearisome pleasure in Paris, always going at the pace that kills, the change to the rest and quiet in the pure air, forest, and open fields of Barbizon, is indeed a sensibly soothing relief. Here, refreshed, we can stand with MILLET's simple peasants as they piously recite the evening's *Angelus*. How we loathe Paris now! The story of Toni is ordinary, but pathetically true. Richard Gray's sudden passion for this poor, lovely, lost girl, a waif and stray in silks and satins,

is strongly painted. Then the awakening of this man, and his accidental visit to a Trappist monastery in Cornwall, is a most effective contrast. But *cui bono*? To whom is it to be recommended? Yet, in its way, it is a powerful book.

The Baron congratulates Mr. WILFRID WARD on the first number of the “New Series” of *The Dublin Review*, now under his judicious editorship. Evidently he designs catering for the general reader as well as for the ecclesiastical and literary student. This is most wise. Amongst such articles as will be popular with the majority are to be found a very amusing one by Lord LLANDAFF, giving, from his own personal experience, some sketches of an Irish Election, and, for all interested in Education, a brief, but most interesting paper, by Abbot GASQUET, O.S.B., descriptive of his recent visit to the United States. The name of Mr. W. S. LILLY among the contributors is a guarantee of good work, while an article headed “MANNING AND GLADSTONE, The ‘Destroyed’ Letters,” is calculated to whet the appetite of those who are looking forward to the forthcoming life of the Cardinal, by the Rev. F. KENT, wherein we shall see that, after all, the above-mentioned documentary evidence was not “destroyed,” but, like “*Le petit bonhomme,—vit encore*.” Of course, *The Dublin* is, first and foremost, for a Catholic public, but its new Editor will be well advised to increase its value and extend its usefulness by going outside the charmed circle, and availing himself of the services of many ready and willing writers. Cannot Mr. WARD discover a modern “Father Prout,” classically poetical, humorous, and quite up-to-date?

Granting certain improbabilities, which readers of *A Vendetta in Vanity Fair* (HEINEMANN) will easily discover for themselves, the Baron can recommend this novel of ESTHER MILLER's as a good story, well told, stimulating and amusing.

In *The Premier's Daughter* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW have given us a good melodramatic novel. The cleverly complicated plot is worked out in a thoroughly interesting scheme of action and dialogue. The writing is occasionally careless: perhaps ALICE got lost in Wonderland and CLAUDE did a bit on his own account; or while CLAUDE was lounging in an easy chair, smoking a cigar or pipe, ALICE, pen in hand, took up the narrative and continued it in a style that happened at the moment to suit her own fancy. Be this as it may, ALICE and CLAUDE, or ALICE or CLAUDE, do just now and then drop into what used to be known as a “*London Journal* style,” as for example when “Chevenix waved the footman from the room,” and “when red flame seemed to dart into Paul Carew's dark eyes, and the pupils dilated. Then he threw his head back”—but here the Baron pauses in his quotation to inquire “when his head was thrown back, who caught it?” The Baron congratulates ALICE and CLAUDE on so far departing from orthodox lines as to allow a decidedly unprincipled little woman “with a past, rather fast,” to marry an elderly amatory Colonel, and to live mundanely happily (as probably the majority of such people do) ever afterwards. The man, too, the protagonist, who has been deeply wronged, never gets right again, and comes to utter grief. Altogether the novel renounces the ordinary scheme of poetic justice, and sets before us ordinary results arising quite naturally out of extraordinary complications.

